A

LETTER

From a Friend in

LONDON,

To Another at

SALAMANCA.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

SIR,

YOu may Remember the laſt year, and I think in the time of the Dog days I gave you an Account as *per* Advice, how our Affairs ſtood here in *England*, and that the whole Riſe and Texture of them were from a certain Perſon, who ſaid he was a Doctor in Divinity, and took his Degree at *Salamanca*, which obliged me to Write to you to know if that Aſſertion were Truth or not, becauſe in other matters he has been ſuſpected. I then gave you the Deſcription of him Inſide and Out, I told you he was Sanguinous, Bold, and Paſſionate, qualifications Diſſonant to his Coat and Character; and you in Return told me that you had made full Inquiry, if ever ſuch a Perſon had at any time heretofore Reſided amongſt you, or taken any Degree or Order, but could find none that ever knew or heard of him; to which I Concur'd, and ſo I do ſtill for many Reaſons more than what you gave me. Now God be praiſed we have another Face to what the laſt year wore, the Angry Waſps are now catch't in their own Hony, you told me that the *Engliſh* were all Ears and no Eyes, but now they are all Eyes and no Ears; had you but ſeen how near Deſtruction that Doctor I mention had brought us to, you cou'd not have been leſs Mad than he himſelf was, when he heard that his Patron the Sheriff would not keep Houſe; for 'tis Reported that a Nine-penny Ordinary here is better than the beſt Univerſity Commons in *Sallamanca*, yet thus much I muſt needs ſay in praiſe of that never to be forgotten Prelate, tho' your Univerſity ſcorns to own him, that if he Retriev'd us from the Jaws of the Fox of *Rome* he did not better our Safety by it, but left us to be Devour'd by the Woolf of Fanaticiſm. We have a Multitude of other Doctors ſprung up ſince the State was Sick, not Prelates, but Phyſicians of the State, meer Quacks there's Dr. *Grig* a Piſmire, Dr. *Lambs-wool* one of *Æſop*'s Race; in ſhort we are ſo Di-

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ſeaſed, every County has almoſt a Doctor, here's Dr. *Kent*, Dr. *Eſſex*, Dr. *Huntington*, Dr. *Gray*: Dr. *Arm-ſtrong* he is for *Monmouth-ſhire*, and ſuch a multitude more, it would put a man out of Breath to name them. All theſe are Phyſicians for any Mallady in Religion, Mind, or State, they have but one Remedy for all Diſeaſes, Phlebotomy; they found the Cure infallible in 48, and would fain practiſe it *de novo*, not for Reputation but for Gain ſake. Then to vend their Drugs the better they have their Zanies, one *Hittringale*, *Janeway*, *Joyner*, *Curtis*, *Care*, *cum multis aliis*, whoſe names as ſoon as Mr. *Kech* can inform of, ſhall be Tranſmitted to you, in the mean time I beg the favour of you to acquaint me by the firſt opportunity, if any of theſe Empiricks I have nam'd were ever known to you at *Salamanca*, becauſe there is a great deal lies upon that point. At *Geneva* I have heard ſome of them have been, and am very apt to believe it, for they have the very Cut, Mean, Habit and Cant, that *Marſhal* the *Geneva* Bull *Nye*, and others had in the year 1641. A man would have thought there had been none of the Race left in the year 1660, but they are a meer *Hydra* the more you deſtroy, the more they improve, a meer *Love'ſtain*-Faction oppoſit to all Government, but where themſelves are Pentioners, and yet wou'd abuſe all others for being ſuch. O! there's no ſuch Spawning-place in the World as under a ſanctified Shed, which ſome Nick-name a Meeting-houſe, or Conventicle.

Now Sir, it is ſtrange to me that our Doctor of *Salamanca* ſhould feed and herd with theſe of *Geneva*, for he, they ſay, is a brave Huffing Bluſtring Doctor, fitter to *Fight the Lords Battle*, than to ſay he has had his Converſation in the World, *in ſimplicity and Godly ſincerity*. You wou'd not know him from a *Tory* when he meets with a Plentiful Table and good Company, as that he has often done behind the *Exchange* as well as at *Mile End*, where he was Careſs'd with Dukes and Earls, but at the Expence of the poor *Wappingers*. And theſe *Geneva Whigs* are quite of another Kidney, they are Demure, Conſcientious, Prickear'd Vermin, full of Hypocritical Sanctity in figure and appearance, but the Devil is as much a *Proteſtant* within; they will not Swear you an Oath for all the World, but ſwallow Thouſands to ſerve a private Turn; They will not drink a Health for any Gain, yet ſcruple not to intoxicate themſelves with Vineger and Gall againſt the Government; tho' Juſtice and Equity is no where elſe ſo equally diſtributed: ſure theſe are the true Genuine Iſſue of thoſe men our Bleſſed Saviour mentioneth, that take Care to pay the Tyth of *Mint* and *Cummin*, but neglect the weightier Matters of the Law, Obedience to Powers, Rendring to *Cæſar* the things that are *Cæſars*, living in Charity with all men, *&c.* The Good King we live under ſuffers 'em to Keck at theſe things, knowing that by Nature they have ſqueamiſh Conſciences, and can as ill digeſt Goſpel Ordinances as human Laws. They are a ſort of people that no part of the Univerſe produceth but this, they ſtumble at Straws in Government, but leap over Blocks of their own laying, they baul

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againſt Grievances of their own Raiſing, they have ſo infinite a Veneration for God, that they dayly perpetrate things directly oppoſit to his Laws, for inſtead of being the Inſtruments of Peace and Concord, they are the Ingeniers of Deſolation and Ruine. Having now told you *Sir*, what they are, It Remains Requiſit to tell you what they would be at; They would Reform the World if they could; for Reformation is their work, tho God Himſelf hath Declared the *Oeconomie*, and Order of it good: And firſt they would begin with *England*, and what are their Inſtruments think you, but ſuch a Miſcellany of Heedleſs, Incredible Vermin, as the Eye of Man never beheld but that night the *Pageant* Call'd the *Pope* was burnt, the ſight of which all wiſe Men, and good deteſted, as knowing ſuch Popular ſorts of Buffoolry would certainly Stigmatize the Nation with an everlaſting *Odium*; for whatſoever bears the figure of that which is, or ſeems ſacred ought not to be made Ridiculous.

I forget not (tho they have) Our houſes of prayer was by the ſame incorporated Body of *Proteſtant* Reformers, turn'd into Stables and a Den for Thieves; poor Women, Excited from the Pulpit to Rob their Huſbands to ſupport the Godly againſt the (ſo call'd) wicked, and a thouſand Villanies beſides. And notwithſtanding all their Attempts have hitherto been blaſted with thoſe of *Rome*; ſuch an Abhorrance has God Almighty to the Machinations of Evil, yet they are at work ſtill with the Prince of Darkneſs their *Coadjutor*, but it is an *Egyptian* work, It is making Brick without Straw, when the Task-Maſters grow faint well may the Labourers do ſo, and we ſhall all ſee it meet with a *Babyloniſh* Concluſion. Such little Artifices, ſuch Paltry Intreagues they uſe; to keep the Male-Content in heart; that ſuch a thing as *Oates* hangs its head and withers. I could not chooſe but ſmile to ſee it intimated the other day in our *Impartial Intelligence*, that becauſe it was falſly Reported the Addreſs to his Majeſty was made by all the Apprentices of *London*, there would be a Petition ſuddenly Signed by the far greater number for the calling of a *Parliament* in oppoſition to the other Loyal Youths. Now what do's this purport, or why ſhould it be ſuggeſted, but to give the Country to underſtand that the Apprentices of *London* are divided upon the point of Loyalty, and to render us Ridiculous abroad as well as to one another, to think his Majeſty ſhould adhear to the Advice of a Company of poor Novices, who have been bred by their Shiſmatick Maſters without the Pale of the Church, and know no more than their Manual Occupations (if that) and to carry on a Meeting day, a two handed Bible under their Arm, ſooner than to the Petition of the Lord Mayor, and Common-Hall to the ſame purpoſe: I confeſs I was ſtruck with pity to ſee a little ſtripling the other day come Crying into a Tavern in *Cheapſide* for his Petition, which he had a little before brought thither for the Vineger Drawer to ſign (the other drawers Refuſing it) and I know not how it came to be miſplaced and loſt; the Boy Roar'd out and ſaid he was undone, his Maſter would beat him and turn him

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away for losing his Petition, but there was no Remedy for him, for as I understand the Cook stole it for the bottom of a *Tart*: However I told the Boy where he might have more (to witt) at the *George* in *Iron Monger-Lane*, where thirteen to the dozen of these hopeful Youths meet every night to carry on the great work of Petitioning, and have their Dayly Exhibition of half a Crown a piece. Nay I know all, and it will out: Their Actions are as Conspicuous as their Hypocrisie, saying one thing and meaning another; but I blame not them more then I do their Pastors, that cheat the poor Credulous Sheep of their due sustenance, give them Husks and Chaff instead of Gospel Truth. Read but these books of theirs and see what they contain. *A Cat may look upon a King*, *A Pea to stop the Issue of sin*, *The Seamans Compass Spiritualized*, *The Marrowbone of Grace* and thousands more, then tell me who are the greatest Prevaricators, your *Jesuits*, or Ours.

I intend to dine with these Petitioners, for I hear their Masters are to treat them with *Stags* at *Weavers*-Hall, and the *Horns* are to be nailed up in Memorial of the Entertainment, to out do the Loyal Apprentices who had but Fallow-Dear. Would it not make any man laugh to see these *Gnats* buz about the light of sence, findge their Wings, and lose all motion after it? Who can pitty those that piss against the Wind and thereby put their Eyes out? Tho our *Intelligencers* make it their business to deceive the Foolish and the Ignorant with a belief that this Petition will be Signed by the Major part of the Apprentices of *London*, I do averr and assure you, and all your part of the World, that the Address which was presented by the Loyal Youths were by them ascertained to his Majesty to be subscribed by above 20000, of the best sort and condition that this great City in their quality affords, who do all Unanimously Renounce any consent of Heart or Hand they have to any such Petition, and look upon it as a thing rather Deserving their Scorn than Aprobation. And all the harm I wish Mr. *Curtis* for his false information is that he may never see them Muster'd.

Sir, I have been troublesome to you beyond Measure; but as I ought, I beg your Pardon; this had come to you by our penny Post, for they say here it is Enlarging it self all over the World, but that there are such notorius Rogueries conveyed under that Covert by Lovers of their Country, that I rather thought fit to Print mine before hand, and then it's no matter what Post brought it you.

I Remain

SIR,

Yours &c.

From *Hedg-Lane* near his Grace the *D.* of *M.*
Millimo Trillimo Quillimo.

London, Printed for *J. C.* 1681.